

Peacham, Oct. 8, 1862.

Dear Wife:

We were again favored, yesterday, with good autumnal weather, and occupied ourselves chiefly in visiting the spot where Oliver was born, and where he spent his life till he was sixteen years old, when he went to Montpelier to learn "the art and mystery" of printing. The log cabin in which he first saw the light of heaven has long since been removed, and nothing remains to mark the spot but a portion of the cellar, filled with stones and weeds. His father occupied, at different periods, two or three other farms in that locality; but the house in which Oliver <sup>lived</sup> all his conscious existence in this village, until going to Montpelier, is still in good repair, and occupied by a young farmer, with a good-looking wife and a pretty little boy. We went through the various rooms, and found them all neatly papered



and presenting a very tidy appearance. Oliver showed us the room in which the family prayers were made, and scriptural selections read, with portions of Scott's Commentaries, his father having been rigidly orthodox, and a deacon of the church. He also pointed out where he used to drive the oxen to their daily task, where he first learned to mow, where he flailed the wheat and shelled the corn, and did all that a poor farmer's boy is called to do, to secure the means of comfortable subsistence. We who live in the city have no conception of the amount of hard work performed in the interior, especially in a mountainous region like this, alike by the men, the women, and the children; for all are compelled, by the necessities of their position, to toil unremittingly, week in and week out. It would have made Franky stare to hear Oliver's recital of the amount and the various kinds of work he had to do as a small lad. Many funny reminiscences were called up by Oliver and his brother, concerning the various persons that they lived in that vicinity, but who have either "shuffled off



this mortal coil," or gone so one knows where. Every place has its odd character, and Peabody appears to have had <sup>its</sup> ~~the~~ full proportion.

Olive was born on the slope of what is called Cow Hill, which is of high elevation, and one of the hardest eminences to surmount with team or carriage, the road being very rocky and much gullied. On the top the waters divide, - on one side ~~the~~ running down, and ultimately finding their way into Lake Champlain, and on the other into the Connecticut river. The prospect, in every direction, is vast, majestic, and exceedingly beautiful.

While we were there, a handsome young heifer, of a mottled color, came toward me as if desirous of a better acquaintance, though a little coy at first. I patted her gently, and, moving from spot to spot to obtain different views, found that she followed me like an affectionate dog. Presently, some other persons joined us, and she left us to join some cows at a short distance. On getting into the road, and proceeding a short



on my return,  
distance, I heard a loving sound, and on  
looking back saw my beautiful heifer close  
to the stone wall by the road, <sup>gazing</sup> ~~looking~~ intensely  
toward me, and still making a murmuring  
sound as much as to say, "Please don't leave  
me here, or else come and stay with me."  
The incident was quite touching to my feelings.

On getting to the village, I got hold  
of the Boston Journal of Monday, in which I  
saw that a sanguinary battle had taken place  
between the Federal and Rebel forces near  
Corinth, to the discomfiture of the latter; but  
nothing appears to be doing by McClellan  
and his army. The Journals due to day will,  
no doubt, give some account of the Fran-  
cise Hall meeting on Monday. I was glad to  
see it announced that Richard Buxton would  
speak on the occasion, as well as Charles Sum-  
ner.

A country life is exceedingly monoto-  
nous, presenting no other phase than that of  
habitual stillness and uniformity.

In the morning, we are off for White  
River junction and Braintree.

Your loving husband, W. L. G.